

8.11.2020

New Hampshire Mini-Trilogy



I.

I could've used you in New Hampshire that summer, rope-swinging into Contoocook River, dope-huffing out in the fields with Jon Anderson, his gang, your future rival (unbeknownst to all) tapping her feet in anticipation of new reasons to mope, make metaphor. I could've understood why it might be that your rival could never be your friend—too tense about counting her fingers, toes, too loose on the juice, or (cruelly, for all) maybe just right, simpatico?

II.

As the world between her legs tightened around her, what she saw in bed with me was stark: okra, stamens, roots, all that in nature coalesces in erect growth; and a shadow father bent, then erect, then bent again, perverse from amassing wealth in a world whose submissiveness poisons him. Beneath the sultry, wooded surface, what I saw was a semi-frightened animal, along for an all-night ride (gruesomeness of 4 a.m. New Hampshire sun), knife thusly thrusting into the backs of everyone around her, managing to have stamina enough against constraint to take what she was taking. The mattress thumped: above, an angel was unable to conceal laughter, understanding it was all in the script, including the garish sun's leer.

III.

Grape soda bottle on the desk; wind, out of Eleusis, shut the door. Our clothes came off; your limbs spun like spokes. I peered outside; it was light. New Hampshire summer sun, four a.m. Poets to face at breakfast. Workshops to sit through, lectures, but I knew I'd never have you the right way again, or any way. We'd done the thing once we'd been meaning to do, so as I stepped from the window, gazed at you dozing, naked, I thought to myself, maybe that's what amounts to a state of grace—you're given something once, fully, so that you may be satiated with it, & that's it—

*Part 1 appeared in The Argotist Online as **New Hampshire**; Part 2 appeared in Otoliths 50 as **Hit or Miss**; all three parts are taken from the manuscript-in-progress **Something Solid**.*